

Good Morning 738

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ten chicks fattening for Sto. Dennis Bennett

Your father and the rest of your family were still getting settled in at their new home when we called at 2, Ye Market, Selsdon Road, S. Croydon, but by the time you get back everything will no doubt be quite shipshape again, Sto. Dennis Bennett.

Dad, Teresa, Michael and Celia are all well and happy now, and all they want is that you should come back soon.

The absent members of the family are also in good health and your father hopes that you will all be re-united in the very near future. Then there will be several reasons for jubilation and celebration.

Firstly, there will be the joint home-coming celebration, then your own twenty-first anniversary and Brian's twenty-third birthday which will both need extra attention.

Michael is rearing ten chicks at home and he hopes to have them all fattened up for the big re-union.

Your sister's two children, Margaret and Patrick, are very well, and both of them

are looking forward to meeting their Uncle Dennis to demonstrate just how much they have grown.

Patrick certainly looks as if he will be a credit to his namesake, Pat Collett, even if he is always in mischief, which is what his mother told us.

Babs writes to the family sometimes, and letters from such a long way away are always welcome. So don't be more sparing than you can help with yours, Dennis, because they are such an event when they arrive. That rota your father has made out for writing to his absent sons is still functioning, but he is eagerly looking forward and hoping it won't be long now before he can dispense with this arrangement.

Until that time when you will come home to Croydon again, we are asked to assure you that all the family, including your mother, are in the best of health and that they are all hoping to see you just as soon as you can make it—even if those chicks are not quite big enough!

One Woman Braved Valley of Assassins

MOST people have heard of the Indian Thugs and other murderers who banded themselves together for religious or political purposes; but only recently has the most amazing organisation of that nature the world ever saw been discovered.

The discovery was made in Persia, north-east of Kazvin, in wild, rugged country reached only by traversing the dangerous Chala Pass.

About 15 years ago the late Captain Eccles started out, on behalf of the Central Asian Society, to visit the valley, but he never got beyond Shur Khan, owing to difficulties with the natives. Then, later, Mr. L. Lockhart, of the London School of Oriental Studies, attempted a similar journey. He, too, failed.

It was left to a woman, Miss Freya Stark, to complete the journey and unearth many of the legends of the terrible past.

The assassins have ceased to dominate the wild district, but their notoriety still lingers, and the Persians living in the villages near the valley still decline to talk of them.

It is said a curse lies on Assassins' Valley.

In the mountainous region beside the rivers Alamut and Talaqan, the ruler and organiser of the Assassins established a community that has never had an equal in the history of the world.

His name was Hasan-i-Sabbah. He came from the village of Rei, and was already learned in philosophy and culture when he was in his twenties.

Whether his learning made

him mad has never been established, but he became obsessed with an overwhelming ambition to rule the world (like Hitler).

For that purpose he invented a system of murder and gathered around him the greatest desperadoes ever congregated in one camp.

MURDER VALLEY.

In the old manuscripts, which have been unearthed it has been shown that Hasan-i-Sabbah was no common man. He had spent some years at the Persian Court, had travelled on high missions to Egypt and Syria, and had reached the age of 38 when he visited Kazvin. He saw in the valley the almost impregnable position for his headquarters.

At one end was Shirkuh, the western "gate." At the other were high cliffs of red stone strata. The valley itself is a turmoil of rock and water, with a flat stretch of fertile ground, where still grow the sycamore trees he planted.

He did more. He planted wheat, fruits and briar roses. He built huts. He built a stone bridge over the rushing river. He dug caves for his followers. He stored ammunition and food. The foundations of his bridge and the ruins of his huts are still there.

There was only one way by which his enemies might come at him, and that was to wade through the waters when the stream was low in summer, so he always had men posted to watch the stream in summer.

He built a fortress at both ends of the valley, one at Shirkuh, the other at Garmarud,



Miss Freya Stark with the Burton Memorial Medal she received for her discovery of the Assassins' Valley in Persia.

and a central keep at Qazr Kihan. This last was a vast castle. Its ruins still show seven old tanks where water was stored.

Having done all this, he started out to conquer. His men, whom he christened The Assassins, drugged themselves with hashish before their raids. This gave them a foretaste of the paradise he taught them they would enter for their deeds.

Secret drugs were also grown in the valley, but not even modern chemistry has been able to classify these poisons.

The gardens of the valley, or what is left of them, still show the luxury of the spot. The castle was ornamented with

gold, rich furniture taken in wars, and rich silks.

Being Mohammedans, The Assassins, according to legends still held by the natives, had hundreds of beautiful damsels, accomplished in the arts of singing and dancing, who walked in this green paradise, but were not allowed outside.

The air was heavy with fragrance of the plants and flowers.

VERY PALLY.

The Assassins went far afield for their conquests. They slew the lords of Syria and battled often with the Crusaders and the Templars. This was not done on the rules of war, but on the simpler expedient of pure "friendly" murder and assassination.

Rulers never knew who among their servants were Assassins—until the latter entered their apartments, killed them, and stole their gems and valuables. The Assassins' army was said to number between 15,000 and 20,000 warriors.

They rose in rank according to the murders they committed.

Nobody knew how or when the reign of the Assassins ended. Nobody knows what became of Hasan-i-Sabbah. But there is a story that when he had accumulated a vast fortune, when his store-houses in the valley were full, he dismissed them all and retired to his castle with his harem.

In Kazvin there is a story that he did not die at all, but was raised to the Mohammedan paradise one day in a cloud of glory, taking his choicest damsels with him.

But several relics of him have been found buried in the ruins of the castle. One was a belt studded with gems, with his name engraved on it. Another was his sword, a heavy weapon with a silver and gold grip, on which was his monogram.

Beyond that, history has drawn the curtain on his gorgeous attempt to rule the world by murder.

C. N. Doran

Such, Dear Miss Brooke, are My True Feelings

MY Dear Miss Brooke,

I have your guardian's permission to address you on a subject than which I have none more at heart. I am not, I trust, mistaken in the recognition of some deeper correspondence than that of date in the fact that a consciousness of need in my own life had arisen contemporaneously with the possibility of my becoming acquainted with you. For in the first hour of meeting you I had an impression of your eminent and perhaps exclusive fitness to supply that need (connected with an impression of your activity of the affections as even the preoccupations of a work too special to be abdicated could not uninterruptedly dissimulate) and each succeeding opportunity of observation has given the impression an added depth by convincing me more emphatically of that fitness which I had preconceived and thus evoking more decisively those affections to which I have referred.

ings and I rely on your kind indulgence in venturing now to ask you how far your own are of a nature to confirm my happy presentiments. To be accepted by you as your husband and the earthly guardian of your welfare I should regard as the highest of providential gifts.

In return I can at least offer you an affection hitherto unwasted and the faithful consecration of a life which, however short in the sequel, has no backward pages, whereon if you choose to turn them, you will find records such as might justly cause you either bitterness or shame: I await the expression of your sentiments with an anxiety which it would be the part of wisdom (were it possible) to divert by a more arduous labour than usual.

But in this order of experience I am still young and in looking forward to an unfavourable possibility I cannot but feel that resignation to solitude will be more difficult after the temporary illumination of hope.

In any case I shall remain yours with sincere devotion.

Edward Casaubon.

Our conversations have, I think, made sufficiently clear to you the tenor of my life and purposes, a tenor unsuited, I am aware, to the commoner order of minds. But I have discovered in you an elevation of thought and a capability of devotedness which I had hitherto not conceived to be compatible either with the early bloom of youth or with these graces of sex that may be said at once to win and to confer distinction, when combined, as they notably are in you, with the mental qualities above indicated.

Such, my dear Miss Brooke, is the accurate statement of my feel-

Dorothea trembled while she read this letter: then she fell on her knees, buried her face and sobbed. She could not pray; under the rush of solemn emotion in which thoughts became vague and images floated uncertainly, she could but cast herself with a childlike sense of reclining in the lap of a divine consciousness which sustained her own. She remained in that attitude till it was time to dress for dinner.

George Eliot (1819-1880).
From "Middlemarch."



He was Real Zoo Man

WHEN the thousands of visitors flock to London's Zoo each year, it is doubtful if many realise that, perhaps, but for one man's untiring efforts, it may not have been at all as it is to-day.

The death of Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, who was accidentally knocked down by a taxi outside the Zoo, brings to mind the fact that in 1903, when he was elected its secretary, the Zoological Gardens was nothing but an ordinary menagerie.

For 32 years he worked to get all the light and fresh air

and freedom for the animals which they enjoy to-day, and when he retired in 1935 it was the finest of its kind in the world.

It was he who created the Mappin Terraces, Monkey Hill, the Aquarium, and the Reptile House.

Under him, the Zoo was not only a place of public entertainment. It also became a field of research for workers in comparative pathology.

It was also, thanks to his

energy and imagination, that Whipsnade was created.

He will long be remembered for what he said about lobsters: "A lobster plunged into boiling water by those who think they are killing it mercifully, struggles violently and endeavours to escape for as long as 60 seconds."

"We know nothing of the emotions of a lobster, but to avoid the risk of inflicting pain we should choose the mode of killing in which there is the least struggling."



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood . . ."

The address, Sailor, is:
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London,
S.W.1.

CLEOPATRA SURE WAS A HANDFUL FOR ANTONY

CLEOPATRA was the daughter of Ptolemy XIII, King of Egypt, who (off the record) I believe was always a back number.

At 17 she became Queen, and ruled jointly with her kid brother, young Ptolemy Dionysus, whom she married—this being an old Ptolemy custom to keep riff-raff out of the family.

One day—maybe ruling jointly with Cleo had got him down—young Ptolemy picked on her, and spitting on his hands got down to the job and threw Cleo out.

Cleo knowing what a lot the Ptolemys were when on the

boil, legged it to Syria, and sat in her corner while her seconds did sterling work with the towel.

Now, about this time who should pop up in Egypt but Julius Caesar. You all remember him. He was the bloke who knocked us about a bit before William the Conk made us toe the line.

He was a rum little cuss, this Julius, wore a wreath of laurel leaves round his nut, and swanked around in a bed-sheet!

Sometimes he'd swop the wreath for a helmet with a broom on the top, and cover

his shins with bits of sheet-iron!

Well, Cleo, who'd heard things about this bird, what a tough customer he was and so forth, booked a single back to Egypt, and one night had herself brought to Caesar's tent wrapped in a roll of bedding!

Cleo was certainly a pretty woman. Had she been alive today Hollywood would have grabbed her with both hands, wrapped a sarong round her middle and starred her whether she liked it or not.

By Jack Greenall

Caesar, who could see quite well without glasses, told Cleo to pull up a chair, put her feet on the mantelshelf, and tell him what it was all about.

Cleo, warming to her subject, told him about young Ptolemy, what a little so-and-so he was and would he (Caesar) knock the stuffing out of him?

Caesar, who'd knocked the stuffing out of practically everybody up to then, said another one wouldn't hurt him either way, and promised that young Ptolemy's stuffing would be knocked out good and proper before he was much older.

Well, Caesar soon picked on young Ptolemy, who hadn't an earthly, from the start, and then sent him a wreath.

Cleo climbed back on the throne and Caesar became a resident at the Royal Palace.

A son was born to them later and named Caesarion.

Caesar, after residing in Egypt for a while, was recalled to Rome. The Senate was getting nasty or something and Cleo went with him. That's where Caesar made a mistake.

He'd hardly got his bags unpacked before one Brutus, a local big-shot, put him to sleep once and for all.

Cleo, who'd had a mixed reception, went back to Egypt and her scented baths to get rid of the clinging niff of Italian garlic.

About this time another Roman, a bloke signing his cheques Mark Antony, was busy knocking Asia Minor out of shape.

This cove was bearded, had put on weight and had married, in turn, Fadia, Antonia and Fulvia, who still cleaned his boots. He boozed till the stuff ran down his bib, had nice curly hair, and was a play-boy if ever there was one.

He was handsome in a way too. I'll give him that, and by jingo! he knew it. The Vain type.

Resting a bit to get his second wind, Asia Minor proving rather a handful, he spotted Egypt, which is on the left as you go in. He may even have spotted two Egypts after what I hold you about his prowess with the flowing bowl.

Anything for a change, thought Antony, and rang the bells.

Was Cleo pleased to see him? The things she did for that man, wine and dined him, brought on the dancers, booked the Egyptian Melody Six, kept the flies off him, and even told him to take his boots off and make himself comfortable!

A woman can go to no further limits. One's feet can get pretty hot in Egypt.

Well, Mark, completely forgetting Asia Minor (and that goes for Asia Major too) stayed on at Cleo's place, and became a lounge lizard. Of course, Mark's wife got to know of his carryings-on, and went to Octavian the Roman Emperor, asking was this sort of thing jolly-well cricket—and she didn't say "jolly-well" either.

Octavian was a nasty guy with liver trouble (liver trouble can be a trial) who'd taken off his jacket once before with

Mark, on matters of foreign policy.

Don't worry about the oof, he told Mark's missus, who happened, unfortunately, to be Octavian's sister, this is the last fast one he'll put across the family. Go home and get out the crepe, you're about to cash in on Mark's policies!

Then this Octavian got really going. Smoke fairly poured from his exhaust. He rolled up his sleeves, sharpened his cut-throat, howled his war-cry and finished up by declaring war on both Mark and Cleo.

I believe he'd have declared war on himself that day, the state he was in! The human liver can do terrible things to a man!

When Mark got the telegram telling him Octavian was on the war-path and he better say his prayers as time was growing short, he just guffawed, gave his face a rest from the flowing bowl for once, and hiccupped to Cleo, "Let 'em all come!"

The big ninny. He should have got the gloves out and gone into training.

Well, Mark got what was coming to him at the Battle of Actium. Was he worsted? Octavian's liver certainly had a day out!

Mark fled to a mausoleum with Cleo and suggested a suicide pact. Cleo agreed. Mark did his stuff.

Cleo seeing the mess Mark had made of himself, and the mausoleum, rattled, and went off to try and switch her glamour on to Octavian.

But the liver won. Octavian wasn't having any. He'd quite enough trouble on his hands as it was, he said, without collecting any more, and told Cleo she was for it.

Cleo, realising her number was up, tried out a few poisons on the household staff to get the hang of the stuff, then applied an asp to her bosom.

One doesn't live for long toying with an asp. She was 38.



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"When I first joined there was no demob. numbers—yer just walked the plank."

QUIZ for today

1. What famous living woman novelist has "Agatha" for her first name?

2. Cross-garnets are hinges, settings for stones in a ring, mineral crystals, birds?

3. Name and give the height of the highest waterfall in England.

4. For what do the letters MSS. stand?

5. If you knew a Mr. Cholmondeley, how would you pronounce his name?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Dish, Cup, Saucer, Basin, Bowl, Jug.

Answers to Quiz

in No. 737

1. A pudding of ducks.
2. One at Guildford, two at Liverpool (one R.C.).
3. Lizard.
4. 180.
5. Hill.
6. Ultramarine is blue; others are red.

They Gave You Honey

THE following are some of the Associations and private donors of the honey which submariners have so much appreciated:—

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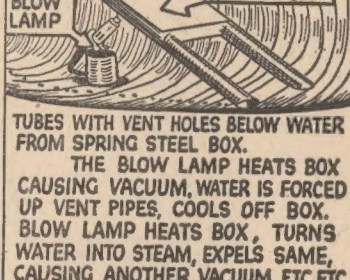
IF I HAD ONLY INVENTED THIS SOONER PEOPLE COULD HAVE HAD MOTOR BOAT HOLIDAYS WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT GASOLINE RATIONING!



THERE YOU ARE, ZEKE... A MOTOR BOAT WITH THE RUNNING COSTS OF A BLOW LAMP



AIRTIGHT SPRING STEEL BOX



THE PRINCIPLE IS VERY SIMILAR TO THE OLD VI FLYING BOMB MOTOR!



BELINDA

GOSH!—FARMER'S BOY'S BOLTED!—DE'S'LL BREAK HIS NECK!



SHUCKS!—THAT'S NOTHING IF FARMER'S BOY DON'T BREAK A LEG!



WHAT'S MORE TO THE POINT—HE CAN LICK MARZIPAN TO A FRAZZLE—AND HE'S IN THE BUMBLECOMBE STAKES!



AND THAT'LL BE VERY NICE FOR YOU, WON'T IT, JOE?—WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ANYWAY—WITH THIS BLUE-EYED BABE?



POPEYE

OH, POPEYE—I'M SO PROUD OF YOU—GOING TO UP-HOLD THE NAVY'S HONOR AND FIGHT WALDO, THE WELDER—



HEY! YOU CAN'T FIGHT WITHOUT TRUNKS! SS-ST—IT'S ALL RIGHT POPEYE—HERE, TAKE MY SUITCASE TO THE DRESSING-ROOM—



YEA! POPEYE! DRESSING ROOM



WOW! GET A LOAD OF THAT—TAKE 'EM OFF—WE KNOW YA—



WHITE DWARFS ARE HOT STUFF

THE White Dwarfs are the maddest things in the universe. They are so daft they stagger about the firmament, and are so heavy we just can't imagine their weight.

Astronomers have been since 1914 trying to understand the White Dwarfs; and only recently have the most amazing facts come into our possession. These facts upset many of our calculations hitherto believed to be final. For instance, can you imagine a golf ball (about two inches in diameter) being so heavy that it would be equal to nearly 40 trucks of coal?

In other words, it would weigh over 1,400 tons!

If such a golf ball were placed on a road it would sink through the roadway, through the rocks and strata below, and go right

to the centre of the earth! There isn't a crane in the world that could lift it!

All this is almost unbelievable, but it is true. And that is the stuff the White Dwarf stars are made of!

What are these White Dwarfs? They are the little stars that swing round near other bigger ones. For instance, it was discovered many years ago that Sirius, one of the nearest stars to us—it is only about fifty million miles off—had a queer companion.

At first it was thought that this little fellow was not really in existence. It was thought that it was a mistake. But a German astronomer, Bessel, found it again.

FUNNY LITTLE FELLER.

We could tell by measurements and other means when to expect Sirius; but the little chap that was pulled round beside Sirius simply didn't obey the

usual laws. It weaved back and forth, staggered about, so to speak.

Now, why was that? Sirius was very bright, and the little star did not seem nearly so bright. Was it a dead star? Deeper investigation proved that, although it was about two and a half times lesser in bulk than Sirius, it was really far brighter.

The hotter a star is the brighter it shines. But Sirius should have been hotter than this one. And it isn't, though it is brighter.

It upset the astronomers when they found, by accurate calculations, that the companion of Sirius was as massive as the Sun, but its volume was only a small fraction of the Sun's. So there must have been an error somewhere about heat and light. In 1914, observers at the Mount Wilson Observatory, in America, performed the difficult

feat of analysing the fainter light of the companion of Sirius. It was really brighter than Sirius, but by all the laws it should not have been so. Yet Sirius was brighter.

Then it was discovered that this strange star, like so many other companions of other big stars, was made of something we never had heard of before.

They found that its temperature was somewhere about 18,000 degrees Fahrenheit. And they found that the stuff it was made of actually weighed 620 tons to the cubic inch.

But how can such a weight be contained in these Dwarfs? It might be as high as 75 million degrees Fahrenheit. Therefore proper calculations and found all the electrons have been stripped off the nuclei, and the atom is really concentrated in these nuclei occupy infinitely its nucleus, around which are smaller space.

electrons. The space which the normal atom reserves for itself may be thousands of times larger than that occupied by the nucleus.

WHITE, NOT YELLOW.

But when ultra-violet light falls on an atom, the latter reacts by spitting out gulps of energy from the radiation. As it absorbs energy, the electrons rise to a higher level and the atom occupies more space. But if the atom gets too much radiation, the electrons are stripped off—and the atom shrinks into much smaller space than formerly.

Again, the light of Sirius's companion was proved to be, not red or yellow, but brilliant white.

Eddington proved that inside a White Dwarf star the heat might be as high as 75 million degrees Fahrenheit. Therefore all the electrons have been stripped off the nuclei, and the atom is really concentrated in these nuclei occupy infinitely its nucleus, around which are smaller space.

Wangling Words No. 676

1. Behead some insects and don't believe the answer!
2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of: luppoomeonpongeontheiparent.
3. What British Dominion can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The cook stepped out of the galley and threw the — through the —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 675

1. P-let.
2. Have you ever revived a dead violet?
3. LATVIA, ITALY.
4. Cured, crude.

JANE

WELL, WE HAVEN'T SEEN MUCH OF MAJOR BROWN—HE'S BEEN OUT ALL DAY AND NOW HE'S GONE TO BED!



YES—BUT IT'S NICE TO HAVE TWO MEN IN THE HOUSE AT NIGHT, ISN'T IT?

I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, DI!—WHAT WOULD YOUR BERT SAY?



OOOH!—I ONLY MEANT IT MAKES YOU FEEL SORT OF SAFE—SEE!

WELL, WHERE'S THE DANGER ANYWAY?—THERE ARE NO RAIDS NOWADAYS—



H'M!—YOU'D HARDLY THINK SO—TO JUDGE BY ALL THOSE SEARCHLIGHTS, WOULD YOU?

RUGGLES

I CAN'T GET ANY REPLY FROM MR BRIT'S OFFICE—NUMBER 157—DOES HE USUALLY GO OUT AT THIS TIME?



HE ONLY CALLS FOR HIS MAIL IN THE MORNING, MA'AM—HE DON'T KEEP NO STAFF!

DOESN'T KEEP ANY STAFF! JUST RENTS A ROOM IN A BLOCK OF OFFICES!—I DON'T LIKE THIS MR BRIT... AND £250 IS A LOT OF MONEY!



BUT 'PLUS-PET' IS A SUCCESS—WE'VE TRIED IT IN THE CAR OURSELVES—I DON'T SEE THAT IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE IF BRIT RUNS HIS BUSINESS FROM A DOG KENNEL!



PEPPERCORN, IS THAT YOU?—I'VE GOT SOME DISQUIETING NEWS—I'LL POP OVER AS SOON AS MAISIE RETURNS WITH THE CAR!



GARTH

GARTH IS A FUGITIVE FROM NASEBY...



I COULD SEEK SHELTER WITH KAREN—HER WEALTH MIGHT SAVE ME...



NO—PERISH THE BASE THOUGHT!



I WILL MAKE FOR LONDON AND DIE ON DAWN'S GRAVE!



JUST JAKE

CHEQUE AN' CARRY, GUV?—



—CASH AN' CARRY, GUV—NO CHEQUES 'ERE!



I LOST ME BEST 'EAD FROO A DUD CHEQUE—NAME O' REELY-FOWL!



YUS!—MISTER REELY-FOWL WUS A TWISTER!—I'LL NEVER FERGIT 'IM AN' 'IS DUD CHEQUE SO LONG AS I LIVE!!



TCHA!—NEVER HEARD OF HIM—



People are Queer

FOR five years, Mr. J. W. Bagot, now Acting Secretary of the Rhodesian Government in London, took an occasional look at a bottle of champagne that lay in a drawer of his office desk, and wondered who would drink it.

At one time he doubted if anyone would—that was during the blitz. The story begins with lunch. It was early in the war, and the three men around the table, Mr. Bagot, Flight Lieutenant Jimmy Imrie, a Rhodesian, and Flight Lieutenant Ian Richmond, a New Zealander, drank to each other's health and good luck.

Three days later Imrie was reported missing. A little later, Richmond landed on a suspiciously quiet air-field in France. He walked about, and finally went into the officers' mess. About the only interesting thing in it was a bottle of champagne. Just as he was about to open it, a French officer came in and told him the Germans were occupying the air-field.

Richmond grabbed the champagne and made a dash for his plane, and got away safely.

He handed the bottle over to Bagot, and they agreed that the survivor of the three should drink it. Then Richmond got captured. He found Imrie in the same camp. They wrote to Bagot reminding him that he couldn't drink that champagne, yet.

Recently, they walked into his office and drank the champagne to a happy ending.

D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

COOKED HERD
AFFIXED PER
PT PUNITIVE
PEP LYRIC S
ENACT KNURS
DELL GREY
RIOT ALEC
F SCRAPE ET
BEAKERS ONE
BAD AMERICA
STEADY ELY

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10							11	
12				13		14		
		15		16		17		
18	19			20		21		
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			27		28		29	
30		31		32		33		
34				35		36		37
38				39				
40						41		

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Hind, 5 Counsel, 10 Old debts, 11 Ship's front, 12 Prevent, 13 Incentive, 15 Rodents, 17 Employer, 18 Before, 20 Sussex river, 22 Vetch, 24 Piece inserted, 27 Allows, 29 Fuss, 30 Twinkle, 32 One of U.S.A., 34 Dried grape, 36 Catching lever, 38 And the rest, 39 Brown study, 40 Requisite, 41 Shore grains.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Pannier, 2 Skill, 3 Norfolk town, 4 Soldier's cap, 5 With a gun, 6 Decoration, 7 Bird, 8 Envid, 9 Pitcher, 14 Diverge, 16 Instance, 19 Emit from centre, 21 Scottish island, 23 Deer, 25 Desert, 26 Worked hard, 28 Harmonised, 30 Bird, 31 Pleasant, 33 Cooles, 35 Wrath, 37 Triumph.

Good Morning



THIS ENGLAND. The two youngsters who might be tickling trout — but are probably waiting for tiddlers — have found a pleasant place to play in an old-world corner of Swanage, in Dorsetshire. Those stone flags that bank the stream have seen a great deal of history pass by since they were first set in position.



We've never seen a "mixed eight" at Henley. We've seen a sailor who mixed one over the eight at Forth. But here's the evidence of our own cameraman that in the "gay 'nineties" they often had many more than three men in a boat."



"I COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NIGHT."

If you think that's what Rose Marie Morel is saying, you're wrong. It's what we said when we came into the office this morning, after having this picture on our mind all last night!



HUMAN CANNON-BALL COULDN'T SWIM.

Hurtled into eternity as a "human cannon-ball," this New York student was killed when he fell into the sea at Ocean Park. Seeking a thrill, he pretended to be an experienced diver, and got the job of being shot from this cannon on the pier into the sea. His body fell flat as a pancake, sank, and was never seen again. He had gone for a Burton!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

